

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE Dews OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISPERSED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1860.

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April 18, 1860-3m.

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Manufacturers prices. PRINTED PRICE LISTS now ready. Address,
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Well-located and situated for sale the QUITMAN TANNERY, situate about three miles West of Ebensburg, and about 9 miles by Plank Road and Turnpike from the Pennsylvania Rail Road. A Branch Rail Road will shortly be constructed from Ebensburg to the establishment is one of the best in the State, and is now in successful operation. The main building is 140 by 40 and 20 feet high, and the whole two stories high. A new ENGINE and BOILERS erected last summer and now in good order. There are all the necessary outbuildings on the premises, and leading Houses for the Proprietor, Foreman and hands.
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C. P. MURRAY, Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.
Sept. 21, 1859.—44-ft.

EBENSBURG FOUNDRY.—HAVING purchased the entire stock and fixtures of the Ebensburg Foundry, the subscriber is prepared to furnish farmers and others with
Ploughs, Plough Points, Stoves, Mill Irons, Threshing Machines, and for the community.
By strict attention to the business of the country, he hopes to merit, and trusts he will receive liberal patronage from those who want of articles of the kind.
All business done at the Foundry.
EDWARD GLASS, February 17, 1858-ft.

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Willow street, above Twelfth, north side. Buildings suitable for Carpenters, Builders, Cabinet and Frame Makers, always on hand. Any Pattern worked from a drawing. Agents wanted in the various Towns in his portion of the State, to whom opportunities will be offered for large profits to themselves.
February 17, 1858-ft.
BLANK SUMMONS AND EXECUTIONS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.
She rose from her delicious sleep,
And put away her soft brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep
As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer,
Her snow-white hands together pressed,
Her blue eyes sheltered in the lid,
The folded linen on her breast,
Just swelling with the charms it hid,
And, from her long and flowing dress,
Escaped a bare and tiny foot,
Whose steps upon the earth did press,
Like a new snow-flake, soft and mute;
And then from slumbers, soft and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed that light and matchless form,
And hushly prayed to be forgiven.

Oh, God! if souls unsoiled as these
Need daily mercy from thy throne;
If she upon her bended knees,
Our holiest and purest one;
She with a face so clear and bright,
We deem her some stray child of light;
If she, with those soft eyes in tears,
Day after day, in her young years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from thee,
What far, far deeper need have we;
How hardly, if she win not heaven,
Will our wild errors be forgiven!

Miscellaneous.

A Ton of Coal, Ma'am.
BY MRS. H. E. A. G. ARBY.

Tingle, tingle, tingle went the bell for the fifth time, as it appeared to me that morning. I wrote on, the more rapidly from fear of another interruption; but nobody went to the door, and presently the nerve of wire which ran kitchenward through the house, tingled again with a hastier signal than before, in token of the impatience of the human nerves that were waiting outside.

"Dolly, where's Kate?" said I, clipping the words short that they might be the less interruption to the paragraph which was unwinding itself on the paper.
"Taty's done out door," said the little three year old, who was building a royal castle on the carpet. I threw down my pen and went myself to answer the summons.
"A ton of coal, ma'am said the sooty mortal on the steps.
"Oh, yes," said I remembering that the good man had remarked the night before that the winter's supply of coal had given out, and that he must send up enough to last the remainder of the cold season. "Drive in at the side gate and dump it beyond the wood yard, you will see the place; and I was closing the door hastily to return to my work; for I had just so much that must be done, before the sun reached the middle of his journey for the day, but the sun forthwith getting on without any obstacles whatever, while all the fates seemed to have conspired to interrupt the race of my pen across the paper.
"Garry in your coal, ma'am," said a particular boy, promptly presenting himself at the office of the closing door.
"Not now," I replied, "I have no time to attend to it, come at noon."

The hour of noon pealed with a provoking jubilee from the towers. The sun had finished his half days work faithfully and well, but mine was not done; and still the pen toiled wearily over the paper, in momentary expectation of being called to account for its delinquency.
"You are not housekeepers to war with constant interruption," I said defiantly to the chiming bells, and to the sun whose rays fell with perpendicular triumph on the cottage roof.

"A boy wants to know if he shall bring in the coal," said Katy, presenting herself at the parlor door.
"What does he charge for it?" I asked without stopping.
Katy went back for an answer to my question, and in a moment reported—"two shillings is the boys price."
"Ma," said my little son who had just come in from school, pushing past Katy to speak to me, "Ma, there's another boy says he will do it for eighteen pence."
"Very well, take the cheapest one," said I calling after Katy.
"Yes, ma'am," called Katy, and the parlor door closed upon them. But at the same moment a boy passed the bay window where I was sitting, and tapped at the library door.
"What is it?" said I rapping at the window with my ivory pen-holder.
"Bring in your coal, ma'am, for fifteen cents said he.
"Very well," said I, supposing it was the last boy, and weary of the interruption.
"Shall I bring it in?" said the boy with a brightening up of his face.
"Yes, yes!"

He turned hastily away with a glad look on his features, but just then two other boys came through the gate that led from the wood yard to the kitchen door, with their shovels, and commenced at the heap of coal. The light faded instantly from his sallow cheeks—he saw that he had lost his job, and throwing up both his thin arms, so as to catch hold of the pecket of the fence, he bent his head upon the upper rail, and the silent tears came coursing down, leaving their track amid the coal dust that obscured his skin. The attitude was one of such utter despair that the busy pen was suspended a moment that I might look at him. He was a mere shadow in comparison with the other boys, who were now busy at their work, and who seeing his disappointment raised their heads, and appeared to throw him some bitter taunt. He paid no attention to this, however, except to bow his head lower on the rail; and saying to myself that his grief was probably caused by some boyish jealousy about the finding of

work, I went on with my writing. My little boy came back from the kitchen and stood with his hand on the back of my chair, waiting for me to lay down my pen.
"What is that boy crying for?" said he presently looking out of the window, at the little thin, gaunt figure that was leaning against the fence.
"One of the coal boys," I answered. "Is he the one who offered to do it for eighteen pence?"
"No, mamma, it was the one with the blue frock. The first one was mad at him when he said he'd do it for that; but then when he found that he had the job, he offered to help him and they made a bargain."
"I am sorry, I supposed it was the same one," said I, still busy at my work.
"Did he offer to do the coal?"
"Yes, for fifteen cents."
"Well, why didn't he?"
"It was too late; the other boys were already there."

"Is that what he's crying for?"
"I suppose so. Don't disturb me."
"What did you tell him? Mamma, mamma, tell me whether you told him he could do it."
"I did, my son, I supposed it was the other boy come round to this door."
"It is too bad," said Lewie, looking lugubriously out of the window. "Mamma, mamma," he added, pulling my sleeve, "those boys are plaguing him. Mayen't I go out and see to them?"
I looked at the little sprig of a boy, whose chin was just high enough to rest on my shoulder as I sat, and laughed at the thought of his seeing to the brawny lads who were bringing in the coal. But with this glance at my eldest born my heart grew softer for the woes of childhood, and I looked again to the one to whom the loss of this hard, dirty work seemed such a bitter drop in the cup of grief. He had sank back from the place where he stood, and thrown himself upon the box which had been placed as a winter covering for my wall flowers, under my nursery window, I could just see the top of his cap where his head bent forward upon his knees, but from its motion I knew that he was still grieving over his disappointment. With my pen in my hand I stepped into the nursery and listened. In through the open window came the sound of his bitter sobbing, poured out with an abandonment of wretchedness that told no common sorrow. I stepped softly to the window and looked at him. He could hardly be older than my own Lewie, it seemed to me, and I could see through the ragged garments the white skin of his thin arm, and the turn of his finely curved neck, and thought that he might be as dear to some mother's heart as my own child was to me.
"What is the matter?" I asked.
He started, and his sobbing ceased in an instant, but he made no answer and did not raise his head from his knees.
"I wish you to tell me what troubles you," I said again, after waiting a few minutes.
He had raised his head with a proud curve of the neck and shoulders, and was looking straight before him, with the tears standing as if they were chilled in their pathway down his face.
"Lost the job," he said sullenly, in reply to my question, but without looking towards me.
"Is that all? That is a great deal of work to do for fifteen cents."
"I wanted it though," he said, with another tear making its way out of his fixed eyes and brimming over.
"Did you want the work or the money?"
"I wanted the money," said he, bitterly.
"What would you do with it?"
"Eat it," he replied, with increasing savageness, after a moment's delay.
"In what form?" I asked, my curiosity excited by the boy's answer, "as peanuts or candy?"
"I'll move along," said he, making a motion to go, but lingering as if he lacked the energy to rise.
"I don't wish you to move along," I really wished to know why you wanted this money so much, and what you would have done with it."
"I'd have bought bread for my mother. She is starving," he exclaimed, turning suddenly towards me, with the great tears brimming out of his eyes again in spite of himself.
"Oh no, my child," said I, with a shudder.
"I hope not; she can hardly be starving with plenty all about us."
"What good does that do us? We've nothing to do with the plenty. She won't let me steal, and I haven't had a job these three days."
"Is there no one but you to provide for your mother?"
"No, ma'am, not since she's been sick."
"If you are really destitute you should let your wants be known. There are ways in which you can be kept from starvation, besides if you were really obliged to choose between the two, don't you think it would be better to beg than to steal?"
"We won't choose between them. She says she can starve. I follow the coal carts all the time, but the big boys get all the jobs. There's nothing for me to do."
"Do you see that trench yonder, beyond the currant bushes?" I asked, pointing to the garden. "There are cabbages there, and now that the frost is coming out of the ground I want them brought to the cellar. There are two or three basketful: I will give you fifteen cents to bring them in."
"Yes, ma'am," said he, starting up with alacrity. "Thank you, ma'am. Got a basket?"
"Go round to the kitchen door and ask the girl for one, and come to me when you are done."
He hurried off to his work and I returned to my writing, which was soon finished and the manuscripts folded for their destination. I was looking up my writing materials

when Lewie came from the kitchen and told me the coal was in.
"Very well," said I, you may pay the boys, and I handed him the necessary amount. But now Katy followed him across the dining room and looking over his shoulder reported "cabbage in," and waited for further orders.
"Let me pay him, too, mamma," said Lewie.
"No, I wish to see him. Katy, send him into the dining room."
"Now," said I, as I gave him the money. "I wish you to tell me where you live, and if your mother is sick and in distress, I will go see her."
"Yes, ma'am," said he, with the gloom coming back to his face, as he began in a listless way to tell me where she lived.

"I believed what you told me," said I, fixing my eyes keenly upon him, for I had been deceived too often to accept with full credulity all that I heard; "Do you wish me to go and see your mother?"
"Yes, ma'am," said he, after a moment's hesitation, "but you won't come, will you?"
"Why do you think I won't come?"
"Many ladies tell me so, but they never come. I wanted somebody to come to her at first but it is no use."
"I know the place," said I, as his direction pointed to me a tumble down tenant house which I had often visited, and I will come this afternoon or in the morning."
"Yes, ma'am," said he bowing with a graceful motion of his ragged cap as he went out of the room.

Prompted by the boys distrust of me, I set out on my usual afternoon walk soon after dinner, and not more than two or three hours had elapsed since he left me before I was ascending the wretched stairs, up, up, to his mother's room. A racking struck my ear as I passed on the landing. When it ceased I knocked at the low door, which was opened at once by the coal boy, who stood before me with the soot washed from his face, and his ragged coat replaced by a thoroughly clean but well patched apron.
"There's no chair," said he, half timidly, he ushered me into the room; "we have sold the last one."
A few chips, evidently gathered from the wood yards and slips, were burning on the hearth, and on the bed, in one corner, lay the sick mother, with a wretched looking little girl nestled asleep beside her. I went up to the bedside and looked into the large haggard eyes that were fixed upon me from the moment of my entrance. She lay silently under my scrutiny, which continued with a growing recognition for two or three minutes.

"Sarah Harmon!" I exclaimed at length.
"You know me then," she said turning her face to the pillow. "I knew that you would come. He told me what you said, and I felt sure that you would come."
"Did you know who it was, Sarah? Have you known that I was living so near you?"
"Yes, I have seen you in your yard last summer, when I went by with my work to the shops; Charlie said it was the cottage with the roses—I knew the place."
"And why have I not known that you were suffering? You should have let me know!"
"I was better then," said she, feebly, "and you never liked me very well."
This was true—we had grown up in the same village, the roofs where we were born were within a stone's throw of one another, but our natures were essentially different, and as our tastes led us to seek different amusements and different associates, we grew farther apart. There had never been any enmity, but there was little affection between us; and when I knew she would marry the weak unprincipled Charley Escott, simply because he had a musical name and a graceful carriage, I liked her less than ever. She was the child of good christian parents, but doubtless they had erred much in the training of this their only child.

From the time of her marriage I had known nothing of her. I had removed to a distant city, and she had followed her husband fortunes, or rather misfortunes, from one wretched home to another, until he was laid in a drunkard's grave, and she was left with her frail children and her ruined health, to the poverty and contempt of a drudger's family.
"I care nothing for myself," she said, "I have borne every thing that human nature can bear, I only wish that some one may care for my poor children when I have gone. Poor little Charlie has done every thing for me. He is a good boy and will serve any one well that will take him. But dear little Jennie—I don't know what will become of her."
"Poor little Jennie indeed! The trials of her mother and herself, had shattered both mind and body, and she had lived through the four sad years of her life just on the verge of idiocy. But this her mother failed to see, and it was well, for God had made provision for the child in His own home. We made them both comfortable while they abode on this side of the dark valley. But the mother lingered only till the spring airs came, and before the summer was gone, Charlie bowed himself again in grief, and knew no consolation, over Jennie's grave. The child who had been so sad a spectacle to every one else, was all the world to him, and very tenderly had he nursed her through all the summer days, never believing that death had already had his chains about her.

Charlie Escott is now in the employ of an excellent man, who believes that his duty to those who serve him is not finished when he pays them, and he appears to be growing up as a young man with a spirit, that he might be his mother's last prayer was, that she should be trained to look at life more wisely than she had done in her early days.
The bitter lesson of adversity had been of service to her, and the instruction she had given her son, together with the struggles of his first years of life, seem to have strengthened

his character, and fitted him to meet life with far more of success and happiness than his parents wrought for themselves.—*Home Monthly.*

Mrs. Jones "Puts up a Bill."
"This House to let?" Yes, and soul and body, mind and brain, eyes and ear, fingers and common sense "to let" too! Wonder if my head is up in the fourth story or down in the furnace-room—wonder if I know enough to tell what's o'clock without asking somebody to help me!

I never would have put up that bill in the world if I'd known what was coming. That wretch Jones! won't I give him a piece of my mind when he comes home to night? "Oh, it's no trouble at all, my dear—just show me any one who calls, over the house!" No trouble! much Jones knows about it!
There's that stair carpet ruined by muddy feet tramping over it. Jones shall get me another one, just as sure as there's carpet store on Broadway—see how he likes that!—Wish I knew how many times I've been thro' the formula to day, "Fifteen rooms in the house—gas fixtures included—good furnace—newly painted—bell wires—bath-room—sub cellar." Shouldn't wonder a bit if I never was able to say anything else again. Serve Jones right, if I wasn't!

Fourteen old ladies—every one of 'em with rusty black bonnets and dilapidated umbrellas—couldn't be satisfied without putting their noses into every closet in the house, counting the silver spoons and taking particular notice that the spout was off the china cream-pitcher. Not a darn in the baby's night gown, not a thin spot in the carpet, not a stain in the table cloth, but they made an inward memorandum of it. I've a great respect for age—those old ladies out of the third story window, when they leveled their spectacles at the dust in the window-seat and rolled up their eyes in pious horror at the rent in the curtains!

Seven young married ladies—not at all afraid of giving trouble—couldn't think of a house whose walls were not frescoed—didn't know how people lived in an establishment without gilded door knobs—looked critically at the mended spot in my morning-dress, and peered curiously into the half-open bazaar-drawer, to see how many collars I had.—Didn't like the house—wouldn't be hired to live in such a neighborhood, and departed with noses elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees. Wanted to scratch several of 'em but didn't. Men to tell Jones about that, next time, he says I don't control my temper.
Two red nosed old gentlemen, very short, fat, and cross—wives sick at home with the rheumatism—stopped short at the third story puffing like locomotives—never would rent a house that was all stairs. Knocked over the baby's cradle—stepped on Fido's tail—cracked one of the panes of plate glass in the front door with the handle of a walking-stick, and account about as good natured as hungry tigers. (N. B.—Pity the wives about two hours hence—begin to appreciate the meekness of Jones a little more than I used to.)
One good looking young man—very bashful and polite—going to be married soon, and wanted a nice house to put his angel in.—Felt rather sorry for him, because he evidently didn't know whether the house was warmed with a hot-air furnace or a dumb waiter. Won't he have a good time learning? Just wait till Jones comes home though!—I'll let him know what I think of having one's house turned into a race course. Oh, here he comes. Now, Simeon Jones, do you consider it the part of a man to let your pocket wife be so shockingly imposed upon by every old hag in town? Yes, and all the young one's too? Do you—hey? what? the house to let? Who's taken it darling? Tell me, there's a duck? That nice young gentleman with the straight nose and the sweet mustache? Don't look so ferocious? I don't mean anything. The old woman with the peck-marked face and the round spectacles? Now, Jones what did you let her have the house for? I know she's a boarding house keeper—if ever there was a woman so tired as I am! Take down the bill, Jones, take it down—if you will rush to ruin I can't help it! I've done my duty.

A Fact.—A few days ago a bashful (!) young man, accompanied by a timid young girl, made his appearance in one of our justice's office, and calling the Esquire aside, told him it was the desire of his heart to get married to the person who accompanied him. The Justice rubbed his hands with glee, looked at the girl, (a rosy, rubicund, little woman,) and after asking the groom the usual questions in such cases made and provided, said he was ready. The groom said to him, "Of course, sir, you will give us a certificate of marriage?" "Most assuredly, sir." And he turned to go, when the bashful young man took him by the button hole and saying, "Do you always put the actual date to them?" "Always," said the Justice, and he looked hastily at the little woman, while his eyes smelt a nice. "Couldn't you leave the date off?" "Oh! no." "Must it go on the certificate?" "Certainly." And they were married. But his disappointment was terribly in earnest.—*Lockport Democrat.*

Great men never swell. It is only three cent individuals, who are salaried at the rate of two hundred dollars a year, and dine on potatoes and dried herring, who put on airs, flashy waistcoats, swell, puff, blow and endeavor to give themselves a consequential appearance. No discriminating person can ever mistake the spurious for the genuine article. The difference between the two is as great as that between a bottle of the pure juice of the grape.

An Arabian, who brought a blush to a maiden's cheeks by the earnestness of his gaze said to her:—My looks planted roses into your cheeks; why forbid me to gather them? The law permits him who sow to reap the harvest.

Puff of Patent Petticoats.

The Editor of the Chicago Press and Tribune having received for inspection a new 'Crown, Gossamer, Woven, Patent Expansion, Steel-Spring Hoop-Skirt, with adjustable Watch-Spring Bustle, and new Wedge Slides, from the celebrated Paragon Corrugated Springs, gives the following first rate notice.—"We called in Mr. Puddles, the fat map of the corpse, and them both at once.—The effect was delightful. Puddles blushed, and so did all the lookers on; because Puddles's figure, taking a side view of the same, is suggestive of the imperial cause which first brought hoop-skirts into fashion. Puddles blushed and looked innocent; but the experiment was a success. We can now certify that the Gossamer meets the original design of hoopings, and that all the collateral advantages sought for in any other device of the sort are obtained by its use. It can be made to cover a circumference of at least twenty feet, to fill one whole seat at the lecture room or a pew at the church! It conceals beyond the reach of conception the shape which the Great Inventor gave the human figure below the waist, and its general appearance is quite as useless and ugly as any other article of the sort we have ever seen."

A few days ago, in a Western court, the following incident took place. The lawyers inside the bar were very noisy, holding loud conversation, so that the evidence of witnesses could scarcely be heard. The deputy sheriff rapped on the desk with a knife of ponderous handle. Still the noise was unabated. After a pause he again rapped for order, but the loafers chattered on. The deputy sheriff again brought down his knife on the table with three tremendous raps, as he looked daggers at the disturbers.

"Look yer," says Colonel——, a member of the bar, rising suddenly to his feet, with remarkable gravity of countenance.—"Judge, it is impossible for gentlemen to hold conversation while that person (pointing to the deputy sheriff) is allowed to make the noise he does."
This cool speech brought roars of laughter in which, of course the Court joined.

A good story is told that a citizen of Mud Springs, Cal., could find nothing sufficiently superb in St. Louis to 'pass at Mud Springs,' he was saying almost constantly that everything was very well, but it wouldn't 'pass at Mud Springs.' At length he was introduced into the family of a rich merchant, who had a daughter 'just nineteen years old,' the young lady admired, nay, loved the Californian, and the merchant thought of instigating a marriage. He took the Californian aside, and said: "Well, sir, I am a man of business, and I judge you are. Now, sir, what do you think of my daughter?" The interesting story momentarily startled the gentleman from Mud Springs, but he arose above the agitation, and was himself again, as he replied: "Well old man, your girl's a snorter, but I'll be darned if she'll pass at Mud Springs!"

An Irishman, travelling on one of the railroads the other day, got out of the cars for refreshments at a way station, and unfortunately the bell rang and the train was off before he had finished his pie and coffee.—"Hold on!" cried Pat, as he ran like a mad man after the cars, hold on, ye murdering old same ingine—ye've got a passenger aboard that is left behind!"

Unwritten Poetry.—It is stamped upon the broad blue sky, it twinkles in every star, it mingles in the ocean's surge, and glitters in the dew drop that gems the lily's bell. It glows in the gorgeous colors of the decline of day, and rests in the blackened crest of the gathering stormcloud. It is in the mountain's height and in the catara's roar—in the towering oak, and in the tiny flower. Where we can see the hand of God, there beauty finds her dwelling place.

"Papa," observed a young urchin of tender years, to his 'fond parent,' 'does the Lord know everything?'
"Yes my son," replied the hopeful sire 'but why do you ask that question?'
"Because our preacher, when he prays, is so long telling him everything, I thought he wasn't posted."
The 'parent' reflected.

Do I understand the counsel for defendant, asked a very fat Western juror 'to say that he is about to read his authorities, as against the decision just pronounced from the bench?'
"By no means," responded the counsel aforesaid. "I was merely going to show to your honor, by a brief passage I was about to read from a book, what an infernal old fool Blackstone must have been!" "Ay, ay!" said the judge, not a little elated, and there the matter ended.

Man is like a snow ball. Leave him lying in idleness against the sunny face of prosperity, and all that's good in him melts like butter, but kick him around and he gathers strength with each revolution, until he grows into an avalanche.

Suggestive Present.—Some kind friend of Mr. Beard, editor of the Nashua Telegraph, has given him a riding whip. He intimates that nothing but a saddle, bridle, and horse, and the free use of a barn and fodder, is wanting to make his happiness complete.

Post Office Order.—The Post Office Department has issued orders to the Postmasters throughout the country, directing that the postage upon all transient printed matter, foreign or domestic, must be prepaid by postage stamps, except in cases where prepayment is optional, and in which the readers do not wish to prepay.

That young man who drinks, bets, swears, gambles, and idles away his time, is on a thin place on the ice.